Murder Husbands

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Murder Husbands

by Silvaxus

Summary

18. Glory Hole / Sthenolagnia / **Blood**

A nosy fox is nothing against the fangs and claws of a wolf.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

Blood, sweet and heavy in air, but fear tainted the coppery scent of blood. Growling in hunger when the meat was spoiled with the acid stunk of fear, he lunged again with his claws, sharp and silvery in the dim light. The yelp of pain made him snarl in satisfaction when a new wave of iron filled the air.

With the meat spoiled there was no reason to not enjoy the hunt.

Snarling at the noisy little minx, the wolf heard the minx run away only to take another turn through the house when she ran into another huge beast.

Yipping and growling, the wolf followed her bloody trail and the weak attack made the hunt so much better, sweeter.

The minx never managed to flee from the beasts and when they caught her, they ripped her to shreds without taking anything from her. She was spoiled and disgusting, not worthy of their time any longer.

Ripping the minx apart was fun, hearing bones break and tendons rip and blood splatter against cream-coloured walls.

…

Will held his eyes closed for a moment longer to relish in the feelings of what had just run through his mind. A second time felt just as good as the first time, when he had been here together with Hannibal.

He was thankful for the long coat Hannibal had gifted to him because it was able to hide his rather visible erection under the long lapels.

Opening his eyes, Will looked at what was left of Freddy Lounce. Not much more but bloody shreds scattered through the room like a mandala. Hannibal had ripped her tongue out with his plastic covered fingers while Will had broken every fine bone in her fingers.

After they were done, they went home and Hannibal took care of their bloody murder-onesies while Will showered. Hannibal joined him as soon as he was done and Will was finally able to do something about the want turning his blood into fire.

Will sank to his knees and took his time sucking Hannibal off until he cursed in a low and far too controlled voice at Will. Every promise of violence from Hannibal was like a praise to Will.

The call in the early hours of the cold November morning was expected as they left the front door of Freddy's house open and blood smeared all over the front.

Turning around to look at Jack, Will carefully unwrapped the truth he and Hannibal had created before they even came to visit Freddy.

“This is the work of the Chesapeake Ripper but not just...” Will began only to end up rudely interrupted by Zeller.

“You sure, Graham? This doesn’t look like a Ripper scene, not at all. This kind of mess isn’t part of what the Ripper’s profile is.”

Will didn’t even turn around to speak to Zeller.

“As I was about to say, this is not *just* the Ripper but someone else as well. The Ripper did this, yes, but he had a partner for this.”

The news went off like a bomb in a full street.

“What do you mean the Ripper has a partner? He never had a partner in the past and he didn’t leave a...mess like this.”

Will huffed, annoyed at being questioned, again. He was the best profiler regarding the Ripper with the most intimate knowledge of the man behind the scalpel. He climbed into the same bed with the Ripper every night after all.

“Believe me, or not, but Freddy Lounce made a lot of enemies with Tattlecrime with the Ripper being one of her main attractions. Maybe she came to close to the Ripper, maybe she offended someone else and they teamed up to teach her a final lesson. Look at the blood trail through the whole house; she was hunted and ran into her bedroom because she had a weapon here. No one of the neighbours heard a thing. It doesn’t change the fact that she was killed by the Ripper and a partner.”

Jack clenched his teeth so hard Will was waiting for the second they would break.

“Why now? That’s something I don’t understand. The Ripper could have killed her any time but decided to kill Freddy now and together with a partner of all things. It’s not typical for the Ripper, like Zeller said.”

Will felt the urge to rip Jack’s throat out.

“I’m not the one who needs to answer this question, Jack. You asked me if this was the Ripper, I said yes and no one wants to believe me; fine. You don’t have to believe me but should this be a permanent team-up you will only get more of this.”

Jack took literally a step back at Will’s harsh tone and choice of words.

“You think this is only the beginning of the a new Ripper series together with a partner?”

Just thinking about hunting more pigs together with Hannibal made Will’s mouth water.

So, the answer to Jack’s question was yes, there were going to be more bloody scenes to find in the future.

End Notes

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